

THE EVANSVILLE DAILY JOURNAL.

F. Y. CARLILE, Proprietor.

VOLUME IX.

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Corner of Main and Water Streets.

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Three Months	15c
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Twelve Months	60c

Twenty Dollars.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered to the village, John,
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the school-house play-ground
While the school-bells were ringing.
Business were there to greet me, John,
And few are yet to know,
Who played with us upon that ground
Some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, John,
Same spots just as did we then,
With the same old game,
But the same old bricks are upon the hill;
When coated over with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place,
Just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is shattered gone,
The benches are replaced,

With the same old name,
But the same old bricks are in the wall;

The bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just the same, dear John,
Twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing the same old game
Beneath that same old tree;

I do forget the name, now—
You'll play the game with me;

Or that same old game, played with knives
By throwing sand, and so,

And we declared that it was sport:

Twas, twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still,
The willows on its side.

A larger than the year, dear John,

The grape-vine swing is round now,

Where once we played the ban-

And swung our sweet hearts, "pretty girls,"

Just twenty years ago.

The spring that bathed the hill,
Bends the spreading beech;

It's still, but now so low,

The coats are ready to reach,

And knocking down to get a drink,

Dear John I started so,

To see how much that I am changed

Since twenty years ago.

My lips have long been dry, John,

But tears came to my eyes,

I thought of you, and wept so well;

The only broken glass,

And when our time is come, dear John,

And we are called to go,

They'll lay us where we played,

Just twenty years ago.

Gov. Willard has accepted an invitation to deliver the annual oration before the literary societies of Hamilton College, New York; at its next commencement, Hamilton College is the Governor's Alma-Mater.

We hope it will not be a repetition of his stump speeches and a reiteration of his Inaugural.

On the night of the 23d ult., the dwelling house of Mr. William Perkins, a good sized two story house, situated under the brow of a hill, in the town of Essex, Mass., was completely burned in a drift above the chamber windows, insomuch that the occupants were unable to tell when it was morning, except by the clock. Mr. Cogswell, one of the neighbors, shoveled the snow away from the chamber windows, when Mr. Perkins took the sash out and thus obtained egress. He was obliged to dig twenty-seven feet of archway between the house and barn and toward the nearest road.

The Indianapolis Journal states that a little boy—the other day, lost his play-dog on Market street. A lady was going along, and the small quadruped unconscious of danger, approached 100' near, and a whiff of wind threw the lady's skirt over him. It was impossible for the creature to break through the surrounding fortifications, and the only alternative left was for him to proceed at as rapid a pace as the lady did. The little boy had lost his dog forever, he thought, but as the lady stepped across a gutter the imprisoned canine animal broke jail and ran for dear life towards his youthful master. The animal avoids all women with extended circumstances.

A CRIME ENVELOPED IN MYSTERY.—Several years since, a young lad named Ferris, brother to the man indicted for forgery in this city, was employed in a lawyer's office in Court street, and had obtained the confidence of his employer. One day about noon, the lawyer received about eleven hundred dollars, which he gave, with his bank book, to the boy, and told to deposit it. The boy went out, but did not return. Experienced officers were immediately placed upon the track of the fugitive, and no efforts spared in the way of rewards, notices, &c., but from that day to this not a trace of either boy or money has been discovered. [Boston Traveler.]

How true is the following choice paragraph from the pen of Daniel Webster:
"If we work upon brass, time will perish; if we rear temples, they will crumble to the dust. If we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with high principles, with the just fear of God, and of their fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity."

Rents in New York city, within the past year have advanced from ten to twenty-five per cent. A corresponding depreciation has occurred in the adjoining cities of Brooklyn, Williamsburg, &c.

Office of Publication Corner of Main and Water Streets.

EVANSVILLE, IND., THURSDAY MORNING, FEB. 19, 1857.

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NUMBER 175

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(THE OLD FIRE OF BUSINESS AGAIN.)

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